

Gothic" cast-iron verandah and conservatory added, by way of finish.

With a church it is worse. Who is not aware of the struggles that always happen between the architect, who looks only to his building, and the churchwarden, who looks only to the congregation it must hold; who finds, perhaps, that the thick piers, copied from a Romish church where the view is unimportant, will prevent one-half the congregation seeing the preacher, whose desk will prevent the other half seeing the altar, and that the long windows admit no galleries for those hundreds which the body of the church refuses to hold?

And are the objections of the owner of the mansion, the guardian of the church, unreasonable? That cannot be said; they are good *bona fide* objections, founded on the requirements of the building and the convenience of its inhabitants.

Yet with all this there must be no change,—the style must be preserved. It is the bed of Procrustes—all must be cut to its length. The motto is still "no change," and all things modern must be looked on as things heretical. Was this the feeling of those ancestors whose works, not spirit, we copy? If so, what name can be too vile, what detestation too strong for those who rashly dared to add to the early English the decorated tracery of York,—to cover the Hall of Rufus with the roof of a later age,—to rear the late towers of Canterbury when the Norman stood erect before them?

This rigid observance of all forms sanctioned by time,—this disavowal of all things of modern growth, would seem to indicate that present manners afford no elements of form worthy to last,—no characters which can be worthily carved upon its buildings. I humbly submit that the experiment has not been tried, and that the forms suggested by our Protestant service, by our altered habits, have been put aside, not because the forms themselves are bad, but because it is easier to follow in a track than to make one,—to copy than to invent,—to say that modern wants are frivolous than to work them into a style.

A church with galleries, an unmulioned window, are things heretical,—our ancestors saw them not. No; but all things with them still shewed the march of time; they made no merit of blindly following others, were no mere copyists of centuries before them, echoed not things new because they were new, but fitted them well to their purpose. And the Norman castle was altered to the English hall; the Norman masonry, more ponderous than secure, gave place to the thinner wall and the elegant buttress; the pointed arches, formed for the church, but intractable in the mansion, were lowered to the four-centred and the meagre vaulting of the early roof expanded, in a more luxurious age, to the fan.

Little did the bold Wykeham think, as he newly modelled Winchester, that he was to be looked up to as a leader and a warrant by those who would forbid all change, and would limit all the requirements of art, and luxury, and convenience, to the standard of times gone by.

Wykeham and his ancestors built as Catholics. With the churches open every day, altars at the sides as well as the end, services as often performed there as at the high altar; a sermon, perhaps, but on state occasions, and the whole area of the church seldom required for one congregation; the bold columnar piers were useful auxiliaries to the architect whilst they were no obstruction to the priest. Compare this with our present wants, when, often, but one day is set apart for public devotion, when every one on that day has but one altar to see, one priest to hear.

I have seen nearly all that ancient art has created in Europe, and no one could be a more ardent admirer of those monuments of skill than I am, no one could more devoutly wish to see them faithfully preserved and their spirit truly followed. But I do most sincerely believe that the practice which, with them, produced the *travaux* generate, was, *in toto*, different from ours. I believe, that when they planned a building, beyond all, that it should be such as it took its plan, its outline, from the requirements of its use, and that it was not marred because its use suggested a change, a neces-

sary feature rejected because it might be new. And, as the requirements of each successive age did produce this necessity for a change, so surely did each age stamp a lasting mark upon each edifice.

The passion of the day is for novelty. There is a cry throughout all Europe for new styles, and the words of Professor Donaldson are true, "that so great is the variety of styles demanded by the public taste, that it is essential to the architect and the builder to be masters of all." The Greek, the Byzantine, the Saracen, the Egyptian, each has his representative in modern times. But the Greek builds no temple, the Saracen no mosque, the Egyptian no tomb. The works of each are painfully adapted and enervated to suit the requirements of an age and country whose clime, and habits, and customs, are different from theirs; and the result is, that we have the modern palace of King Otto at Athens, Gartner's University at Munich, the Westminster Hospital at London, the Custom-house at Liverpool. Many a large factory at Manchester, with its long rows of honest windows, and one large simple cornice crowning its immense front, has more majesty than the palace, more grandeur, than the university, more propriety than the hospital.

I know it will be said, that a national style is a thing much talked of but never seen—a thing whereof the glimpses are distant—all trial to reach it hopeless. Do they who say so think that we expect it should start up at once, a new Minerva, fully accoutred and adorned? Look at the progress of any style—the slow growth of the Italian, as an instance—you may trace back the germ of its forms and its details to the very time of Narnes, when the still existing churches of Ravenna took the forms all since have followed,—you will see, as succeeding centuries come on, the brick campanili of Rome arise in their picturesque outline—the mediæval buildings of Venice and Sienna give the well-marked features of the Italian palace;—mark these features, made majestic indeed at Florence, and at last see the whole combined and heightened, and almost perfected by Brunelleschi, who left it as it was found by Bramante and Michaelangelo. Or analyze the art's progress in our own country, and see how long the distance from the rude early Norman to the finished elegance of the perpendicular. I have no hope, scarcely a wish, to see a general rush towards a sudden forming of some new style. I look upon it as a thing to be, but a thing which requires time for its development, and which time alone can develop well.

It is not each era that can boast a Brunelleschi; and a mind like his, whose powers can take centuries in their grasp, and give form to what was before unshapen,—must first arise to reject what is bad, to arrange and purify the good. Till then we can hope for no absolute and perfect change. But even such a mind must have materials to work with,—seed must be sown, and I do hope that among the young aspirants in the profession, many will be found who will dare to use those original ideas which the common practice of their profession suggests, and thus produce, however scantily, the first germs of future style. That this present age does not contain materials for it I utterly deny. We are advancing onward in power as a nation, because its several members are progressing in knowledge and activity; this small island of ours contains works erected in our day, of which, in magnitude, and cost, and speed of erection, scarce another spot of earth, at any time in history, could send forth the equals.

Let it not be said that industry had extinguished art, or leave the fame of England for originality and boldness in the nineteenth century solely in the hands of the mechanic and engineer.

H. L. T.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.—A considerable improvement is being made in the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, for the accommodation of the public in the ensuing season. The second amphitheatre and gallery, formerly separate stories, are being thrown into one general incline, and, by an extension backwards beyond the present external wall, will be made capable of containing 600 persons.

BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS.

THE exhibition of this gallery evinces, on each succeeding anniversary, the growing disregard of the artists generally. Where are the names that formerly illuminated the pages of the catalogue? where the pictures to which these names were attached? The artists feel no interest in the exhibition, being well aware that the most meritorious works are likely to be overlooked for the perpetrations of some who adhere to certain private regulations. The figure painter more especially becomes the victim of ignorance and party interest. This fact being established, none but the favoured parties, and some few innocent and confiding members of the profession, venture to expose the fruits of their labour to the certainty of either being rejected or hung out of sight.

Mr. Stanfield's "Saw-mill at Saardam" (129), varies very much from his usual style, but, nevertheless, has extraordinary excellence.—Mr. Cooper's "River Scene" (120), is a truly beautiful production of its class, forcibly reminding one of Cuyp.—Mr. Ansell's two forcible pictures must attract the attention of every one, both by their size and fine quality. The heads of the horse and stag in "The Flogged Pony" (16), are beautifully drawn and painted. The second, entitled the "Wounded Hound" (440), is carefully manipulated throughout, and, in the animals, wonderfully characteristic.—Mr. Lance's miracles of imitations meet with their due appreciation. He has two pictures of his fruits and vegetables, and also another, a figure picture, entitled "Industrious Amusement" (224), in which, as usual with artists of his wonderful mechanical ability, he is less successful.—Mr. Danby has two small productions, a landscape twilight—"Death and the old Man" (12), and "A Calm after a heavy Gale;" these have all the peculiarities of the painter, more especially the latter, and are rather inexplicable as far as regards effect: the sky, in the marine subject, is exquisite.

Mr. Uwins exhibits one small picture, entitled "Suspicion;" the female figure is possessed of much sweetness and truth,—she seems wholly absorbed by the sounds of the minstrel's harp, and in strong contrast to the suspicious expression of the aged nun watching over her.—E. A. Goodall has two architectural subjects—"Interior of the Abbey of St. George de Bocheville, Normandy" (35), and "Pilgrims waiting to be received into the Domus Hospitium at Canterbury (154), painted in the usual style of this artist, carefully drawn, but rather too conventional in general treatment.—The four contributions of Goodall are small, and perhaps less carefully drawn than usual, the first one (3) is original in thought and cleanly painted; there is a certain conventionality of colour about the works of this artist, a repetition of peculiar tints throughout all his pictures, which becomes rather tiresome, and should be guarded against. The "Irish Piper" (84), and the "Halt at the Well," are, to our taste, the best of the four. The figure of the Piper is exquisite to a degree—more careful drawing about the female figure standing, and the children is desirable.

"The Last Glimpse before the Storm" (49). J. Linnell, abounds in excellencies of first-rate order. Parts could not be surpassed; the brilliancy of light of the white clouds is beautifully characteristic; and the foreground seems positively to invite you to dig a spade into its loamy soil: Mr. Linnell's fault is that he attempts too much.—"A Highland Lake" (69), F. R. Lee. A sombre, though interesting subject; a contrast to any thing we can remember associated with this well-known name: it is a narrow escape from being sublime.—A frost scene, by Branwhite, called "The Bird-trap" (259), will attract no little attention for its truth.—A similar subject by E. Heidebrandt, is extremely clever, being full of colour, yet perfectly in keeping with the intended effect. We are rather inclined to doubt the possibility of the colour of the snow in the foreground under the influence of such a sky.—J. Inskipp has four of his usual brunette beauties, of the usual standard of excellence too well known to need eulogium.—We have unintentionally omitted to mention Sir George Hayter, who, though so seldom exhibiting, has no less than three contributions. The largest